THE COURIER

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THE COURIER 

VOLUME IV, NUMBER 2, WHOLE NUMBER 22, Summer 1964

From the Class of 1912

At their Fiftieth Reunion a couple of years ago, the energetic, enthusiastic, enterprising, thoughtful, and loyal worthies of the Class of 1912 presented to Syracuse University a sizeable endowment fund they had collected, the income from which was to be expended by the Library in the acquisition of books of importance for which there was an unusual need by undergraduate and graduate students, researchers, and faculty members.

The Director of Libraries, Dr. Wayne S. Yenawine, is now pleased to announce that the Order Department of the Library and the Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books joined forces and fifteen volumes were recently purchased, and paid for with the income from this endowment. A New York City member of Syracuse University Library Associates (who wishes to remain anonymous on this occasion so he may be exclusively available for other such projects in the future) assisted greatly in effecting the selection and acquisition of these fine books which consist of nine unusual and desirable works. By cagnacious negotiations with several New York City book dealers, he was able to hornswaggle this lot at about one-third its actual cost on the open market today. In other words, the books purchased are worth about three times more than the amount paid for them.

These books have now been processed into the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room on the third floor of the Main Library, and may there be viewed and examined, or read and studied, by any member of the Class of 1912, or any one else who wishes to do so.

The following are brief descriptions of the nine titles in this interesting group:

1. *Ovid's Metamorphoses in Latin and English.* Translated by the Most Eminent Hands. With Historical Explications of the Fables, Written in French by the Abbot [Anthony] Banier, Member of the

Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. Adorned with Sculptures by B[ernard]. Picart, and other able Masters. Amsterdam [Holland], Printed for the Wetsteins and Smith, 1732. Two volumes, large folio, full leather over boards, marbled endpapers. Title-pages printed in red and black. Vol. I: pages 1-247; Vol. II: 248-524, plus four-page *Index;* continuous pagination, heavy laid paper. Copiously illustrated throughout; a splendid example of this beautiful edition in very good condition.

In *The Bookseller's Preface* the statement is made that the works of Ovid "have been one of the chief Sources from which the most celebrated Poets, Painters, and Wits since his Time, have formed their Genius, enriched their Fancy, and derived their Excellence. We cannot therefore doubt but an Edition of his *Metamorphoses* so improved and adorned as This is, will be acceptable both to the *Beau-Monde* and the *Republic of Lettres.*"

The edition thus prefaced, a giant folio, over eighteen inches high, is actually the last one of the splendidly illustrated editions in the grand style of the Baroque. Some of the engravings go back to the Brussels edition of 1677; others are printed here for the first time, and readily exhibit a changing style of the softer elegance of the French eighteenth century. In some of the earlier illustrations the influence of Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rijn may be detected, and in others definite echoes of Peter Paul Rubens may be observed. Among the artists were Picart, Martin Bouche, Jan Schenk, and Hans Jogman; there are several plates by Jacob Folkema after Le Brun and Le Clerc; and there are also a number which are unsigned. The claim in the *Preface* that the "numerous Sculptures that adorn this Edition every where strike the Eye" is an understatement of fact.

This edition of *Metamorphoses* appeared at the same time in a three parallel version: one with French, one with Dutch, and one with English translation. This English version was edited by Sir Samuel Garth (English physician and author of occasional verse, 1661-1719), and is considered by all reputable authorities as the best of the eighteenth century translations. Some of "the Most Eminent" translators were such familiars as John Dryden, Joseph Addison, John Gay, and William Congreve.

2. *Baptistae Fulgosii Factorum,* Dictorumque Memorabilium Libri IX. Aucti, et Restituti. Index copiosisimus omnium nominum de quibus passim in historia agitur. Antverpiae [Antwerp, Belgium] Apud Ioannem Bellerum, sub Aquila aurea, 1565. Small octavo, 798 pages, laid paper. This copy formerly belonged to Leon Duchesne de La Sicotiere.

Baptista Fulgoso (1453-1504, also known as Fregoso), Doge of Genoa, was deposed and exiled in 1483, and retired to spend the remainder of his life in intellectual and literary pursuits. Among the books he produced was the present *Memorable Actions and Sayings,* addressed to his son Peter, which also contains some particulars of his own life. The editor of this edition was Camillo Ghilino (Camillus Gilinus).

3. This volume consists of four small quartos amateurishly bound:

The Dutch Usurpation: or, A Brief View of the Behaviour of the States-General of the United Provinces, Towards the Kings of Great Britain, etc. By William de Britaine. London: Jonathan Edwin, 1672. 35 pages.

The Interest of England in the Present War with Holland. By the Author of *The Dutch Usurpation.* London: Jonathan Edwin, 1672. 26 pages plus one page of advertisements.

A Justification of the Present War against the United Netherlands, etc. By an English Man. London: Henry Hills and John Starkey, 1672. 80 pages, with the two folding plates present in very good condition. The "English Man" who wrote this most unusual piece was Henry Stubbe, also the author of the next title listed below. Stubbe (or Stubbs, or Stubbes, 1632-76) graduated at Oxford University, B.A., Class of 1653, served a hitch in the army in Scotland until 1655, returned to O.U. for work on his M.A., and while so engaged, served as second keeper of the Bodleian Library, and wrote "pestilent" pieces against monarchy, ministers, universities, churches, and anything else he could think of dear to the Royalists. In due course, he was kicked out of Oxford and went to live at Stratford-upon-Avon where he practiced physic (which had been his chief study for some years), and enjoyed an extensive clientele and patronage. In 1673 he got into trouble and was arrested and imprisoned for publishing a slanderous denunciation of the Duke of York's marriage with Princess Mary of Modena. Following Stubbe's death by drowning at Bath in July 1676, he was described by a friend as "the most noted Latinist and Grecian of his age . . . a singular mathematician, and thoroughly read in all political matters, councils, ecclesiastical, and profane histories . . . a very good physician . . . Had he been endowed with common sobriety and discretion, and not have made himself and his learning mercenary and cheap to every ordinary and ignorant fellow [These faults are still practiced by prosy poets and peasant prosers 288 years later, in our good year of 1964. Please let this true statement not be misconstrued by the unknowing ones; if the shoe fits . . .], he would have been admired by all, and might have pick'd and chus'd his preferment. But

all these things being wanting, he became a ridicule, and undervalued by sober and knowing scholars, and others too."

A Further Iustification of the Present War against the United Netherlands. By Henry Stubbe. London: Henry Hills and John Starkey, 1673. 86 pages plus *An Apology,* 80 pages. The folding frontispiece and three plates are present in fine condition; unfortunately Plate E is missing. On the title-page, Stubbe describes himself as "a lover of the Honour and Welfare of old England." Incidentally, it was in this struggle for sea supremacy—exceedingly unpopular in England —that the great Dutch admiral, Michael Adrianzoon De Ruyter, fought the combined fleets of England and France to a standstill in June 1672, and in a series of fiercely contested battles, successfully maintained his strenuous and dogged conflict against the united strength of his naval opponents. De Ruyter died at Syracuse in 1676. It was in this same war that the Dutch opened their dikes and by flooding the land prevented its occupation by the enemy.

4. *Poems and Translations.* By John Oldham. London: H. Hindmarsh, 1697. Octavo, 134 pages. John Oldham, English lyrical and satirical poet, was born in 1653, and graduated at Oxford University, B.A., Class of 1674. He earned a meager livelihood by tutoring, and wrote verse notable for its own original power. His writings undoubtedly influenced Alexander Pope and perhaps other of the chief eighteenth-century poets, and certainly deserve more notice than they have received in the histories of English poetry. Oldham died of smallpox at the age of thirty. The first edition of *Poems and Translations* was issued anonymously in 1683.

5. *The History of the Plot:* or a Brief and Historical Account of the Charge and Defence of Edward Coleman, Esq; William Ireland, Thomas Pickering, John Grove, et al. Not omitting any one Material Passage in the whole Proceeding. By Authority. London: Richard Tonson, 1679. Folio, 88 pages, laid paper watermarked. The Plot, to murder the King and subvert the Government of England and the Protestant Religion, is more popularly known as the Popish Plot, fabricated in 1678 by Titus Oates. Many persons were falsely accused and put to death. The present publication concerns seventeen of those charged with the conspiracy.

6. *Memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz.* Containing the Particulars of his own Life, with the most Secret Transactions at the French Court during the Administration of Cardinal Mazarin, and the Civil Wars occasioned by it. To which are Added Some Pieces written by the Cardinal de Retz, or Explanatory to these Memoirs. In Four Volumes.

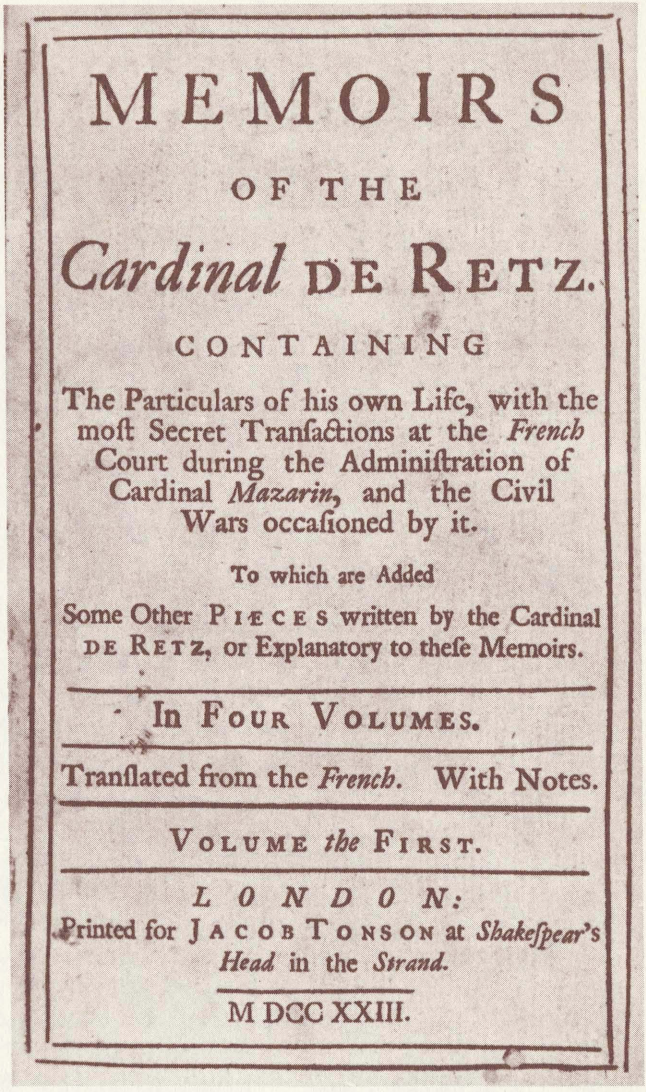
Translated from the French. With Notes. London: Jacob Tonson, 1723. Duodecimo, total of 1572 pages, with frontispiece-portrait of Cardinal de Retz in Vol. I and *Errata* at end of each volume. First edition of this English translation; dedicated to William Congreve by Peter Davall, the translator. All four volumes are in splendid condition.

Jean Francois Paul de Gondi, Cardinal de Retz (1614-79): French ecclesiastic and politician, of Florentine descent; conspicuous for riotous life and frequent duels as a young man; became deeply involved in French politics; determined opponent of Cardinal Mazarin; created Cardinal (1651); imprisoned (1652), but escaped; Archbishop of Paris (1654-62); resigned (1662) in return for rich benefices; and retired to private life in Lorraine, where he wrote these volumes, a valuable source of information concerning the intimate French court life during his years of activity.

7. *The Art of Contentment.* By the Author of *The Whole Duty of Man,* &c. First printing of the third impression, Oxford, 1675. Small quarto, 216 pages, with the engraved frontispiece (often missing) present and page 214 misnumbered 124.

Although this work has been ascribed to no less than ten people, the preponderance of opinion is heavily in favor of Richard Allestree (1619-81), English divine, soldier, scholar, and Provost of Eton College. Allestree took two degrees at Oxford University, B.A., Class of 1640, and M.A., Class of 1643. As a common soldier, he participated in several engagements during the Civil War, and it is said that he would charge the enemy with his musket in one hand and his Bible in the other. Despite this, or perhaps because of it, he was captured several times, but sooner or later was always released. Allestree developed into a prominent clergyman, became Canon of Christ Church College, Oxford, and in 1663 was made Chaplain to the King and Regius Professor of Divinity at the university. In 1665 he was appointed Provost of Eton College, and proved himself a most efficient administrator. He introduced order into the fouled-up finances of the college, and when he couldn't raise the money for new buildings, he had them constructed at his own expense. He died in January 1681, and was buried in the Chapel at the college. He was described as a man of extensive learning, of moderate views, a fine preacher, generous and charitable, of "a solid and masculine kindness", and "of a temper hot, but completely under control."

8. *Essays of Michael Seigneur de Montaigne.* In Three Books With Marginal Notes and Quotations. And An Account of the Author's Life. With a short Character of the Author and Translator, by a Person of Honour. Made English by Charles Cotton, Esq. The Fourth Edition,



MEMOIRS

OF THE

Cardinal DE RETZ.

CONTAINING

The Particulars of his own Life, with the moſt Secret Tranſactions at the *French* Court during the Adminiſtration of Cardinal *Mazarin*, and the Civil Wars occaſioned by it.

To which are Added

Some Other PIÆCES written by the Cardinal DE RETZ, or Explanatory to theſe Memoirs.

In FOUR VOLUMES.

Tranſlated from the *French*. With Notes.

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

LONDON:

Printed for JACOB TONSON at *Shakeſpear's Head* in the *Strand*.

M DCC XXIII.

Title-page of Vol. I of the First Edition of this English Translation, 1723. *Gift of the Class of 1912.*

with the Addition of a Compleat Table to each Volume, and a full Defence of the Author. London: Daniel Brown, and others, 1711. Three volumes, octavo, total of 1722 pages. The first edition of this translation was published in 1685-6.

Michael Montaigne, landowner, courtier, Mayor of Bordeaux, and loafer, was one of the greatest French essayists of all time. From his father-in-law he inherited valuable properties, and devoted himself principally to travel and a life of study and contemplation. In his study—"a tower of refuge, separate from the house", it is said that "he read, wrote, dictated, meditated, inscribed moral sentences which still remain on the walls and rafters, annotated his books, some of which are still in existence, and in other ways gave himself up to a learned ease." Although he was "tormented by stone and gravel", he was attacked with quinsy, and died in September 1592, at the age of fifty-nine.

Charles Cotton (1630-87), translator of this edition, was an English poet, essayist, and arboriculturist, who was noted chiefly for his rather coarse burlesques of Virgil and Lucian and for his close friendship with Izaak *(The Compleat Angler)* Walton with whom he often went fishing for "trout or grayling in a clear stream." Cotton's masterpiece in translation, these *Essays* by Montaigne, adheres very closely to the French original, has often been reprinted, and maintains its reputation to the present time.

9. *The History, and Reasons, of the Dependency of Ireland upon the Imperial Crown of the Kingdom of England.* [By William Atwood] London: Dan. Brown and Ri. Smith, 1698. Octavo, 216 pages, laid paper. Atwood, English political writer and barrister, was the author of a large number of controversial pamphlets on political questions during the last two decades of the seventeenth century and the early years of the eighteenth. In August 1701 he came over to New York where he had been appointed Chief Justice, but after a series of violent quarrels with some of the important inhabitants and officials of the colony, he found himself accused of gross corruption and maladministration, removed from his position, and compelled to flee for his life. Upon his return to England he published a defense of his administration in North America (London, 1703), but nobody paid any attention to it, and he didn't even get reimbursed for the cost of his trip back home. In 1704-5, he wrote two pamphlets against Scotland which excited so much indignation in Scotland that the Parliament there ordered them to be burned by the common hangman. The scanty record about Atwood's life gives only the date of his death as around 1705. He is said to have been unusually well read, but as a lawyer, he was rather clumsy and ineffective.

The President of the Class of 1912 is Dr. A. Harry Kallet of Syracuse, and the Class Chairman is Mr. Elmer G. Quin, 222 Coniston Drive, Rochester 10, New York. It is understood that contributions are still being made to the endowment fund by this most generous group.

The Golden Answer

Since the early part of the year scores of people have visited the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room solely for the purpose of viewing the magnificent *Book of Hours* presented to Syracuse University Library by Mr. John M. Crawford, Jr. of New York City. Announcement of this significant gift was made in the previous issue of *The Courier* last March.

Ever so often a very, very nice inquisitive little old visitor would edge the Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books off into a corner and whisper the inquiry, "How much did it cost?"

That one is easy to answer: "It didn't cost anything; it was a *gift* to Syracuse University."

But then sometimes the question is different and difficult: "How much is it worth?"

The Curator has now figured out the answer to this one, and it is a pleasure to announce here that with a pair of sensitive scales, he weighed the *Book of Hours* and, with the value of the Fort Knox metal pegged at $35.00 an ounce, has calculated that this *Book of Hours* is worth *more than four times its weight in fine gold.* And it's pretty heavy too.

Red and the Reds

In 1886 Emma Goldman, then seventeen, arrived in the United States from her miserable Russia, and from then on, until her death in 1940, she preached and practiced nothing but militant anarchy and radical revolution.

Today she is forgotten, without a trace, but back in about 1910, she was a rabble-rousing rootin' tootin' agitator with a penitentiary record, raucously riding high, wildly beating up the waters of discontent and unrest, spreading bacteria of discord and hate, and raising Old Nick in general throughout the foreign-populated centers of the

nation. She was the extremist of the extremists: "Marriage and love have nothing in common; they are as far apart as the poles; are, in fact, antagonistic to each other. . . . Religion, especially the Christian religion, has condemned woman to the life of an inferior, a slave. . . . Patriotism requires allegiance to the flag, which means obedience and readiness to kill father, mother, brother, sister . . .", blah, blah, blah, etc., etc., *ad infinitum, ad nauseum;* and there were people—crackpots, misfits, radicals, lunatics, the beatniks of that generation—who sidled up to her side and crouched around her big clodhoppers to gobble down her ipecacuanha-coated pills of intellectual and moral bane, henbane, and ratsbane.

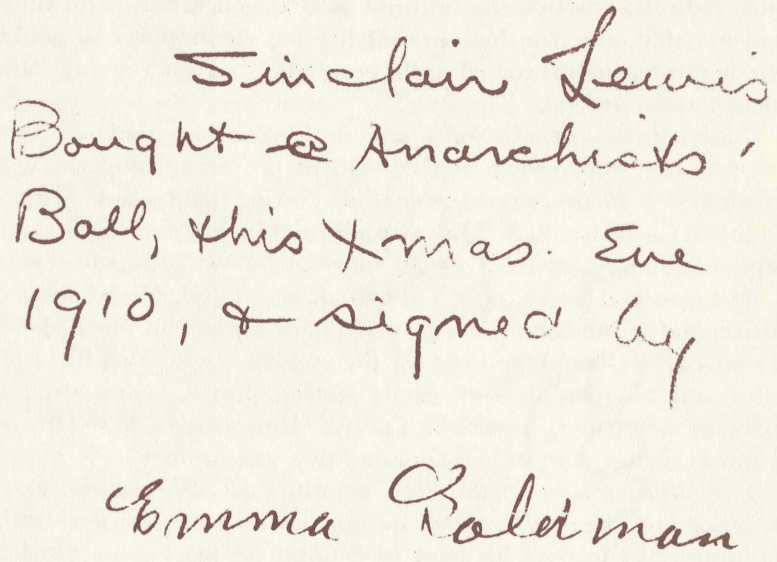
Oddly, these unGodly ones saw nothing incongruous in their celebrating the anniversary of the birth of the Savior, and every 24 December saw them consorting and disporting themselves at their Anarchists' Christmas Ball. The occasion in 1910 was nothing unusual except that it was attended by an unusual fellow, twenty-five years old, tall, lean and lanky, ugly, red-haired, acne-faced, uncoordinated, sensitive, and misunderstood—a pathetic, harmless sort of undeveloped Phantom-of-the-Opera type—who for the previous eight years had been turning out all sorts of stuff, short stories, poems, editorials, and reviews for newspapers from Sauk Centre, Minnesota, to New Orleans and San Francisco, and in magazines all over the country.

Two decades later to the very month, this same person, metamorphosed into the most popular and financially successful novelist in the country, was to have his hour of triumph in Stockholm, Sweden, as the first American writer to be awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature.

In the monumental and scholarly study of *Sinclair Lewis: An American Life* (McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., New York, Toronto, London, 1961, 867 pages), the distinguished critical biographer and literary historian, Mark Schorer, covers Lewis's attendance at the 1910 Christmas Ball by producing (pp. 179-80) a lengthy letter the young man wrote immediately afterwards describing the event, and in the book there is nothing else relating to the occasion.

There is yet another memento—hitherto unrecorded—of "Red" Lewis at that Anarchists' Christmas Ball. It is in the collection of books and papers given to Syracuse University by the late Dorothy Thompson, the novelist's second wife. This is a copy of the first edition of *Anarchism and Other Essays,* by Emma Goldman, with Biographic Sketch by Hippolyte Havel (Mother Earth Publishing Association, 210 East Thirteenth Street, New York, 1910, 277 pages), bought by Lewis at the regular price of one dollar (By mail, $1.10), and autographed

for him by the anarchist-author in ink on the front free endpaper. Above the signature Lewis wrote in pencil his own name followed by the notation: *Bought @ Anarchists' Ball, this Xmas Eve 1910, & signed by.*



It is apparent Sinclair Lewis neither then nor any other time made any impression whatsoever on "this stout, undreamy, plain faced bomb-thrower"; in her autobiography *Living My Life* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1931, two thick volumes), he is not mentioned a single time. Neither is there any evidence that Sinclair Lewis ever read this copy of her so-called essays.

This unusual reminder of the early plastic age of Sinclair Lewis is in the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room on the third floor of the Main Library for anyone who wishes to do so to see, examine, and even read.

Note: The Editor of *The Courier* was curious as to whether *Emma Goldman* was the woman's real and original name or whether she may have had a Russian name at first and then changed it to that by which she became known to the world. Her autobiography and

other writings revealed nothing along this line, so he sought the answer from Arthur Leonard Ross, Esq., distinguished Counselor-at-Law of New York City, bibliophile, gentleman of letters, American legal representative of Emma Goldman, and a member of Syracuse University Library Associates. From Mr. Ross came the following information immediately:

"The name *Goldman,* like *Goldstein, Goodman,* or *Goldsmith,* was not uncommon in Russia. They were names of German origin. Even the German names that were handed out to Jews were not the same as those owned by the Christians. In the early days, Jews were known only by their first names. For example, *Isaac the Butcher, Jacob the Shoemaker, Abraham the Blind One,* etc. Then came the matter of taxes. So the Government handed out surnames to the Jews. To make sure that the Jews could be identified for purposes of humiliations and boycott, they were given what are now called Jewish names. The Dispenser of Names had to be bribed in many cases to give Jews decent names. Otherwise, a Jew would be given a name like *Teufeldreck* or one that smelled worse.

"You are correct: Emma Goldman's birthplace was Kovno, a city at present in Lithuania. There are many people in different parts of Russia with German names. Poland, for example, was for centuries contiguous to Prussia. During the vicissitudes in the area, Russia has many times annexed parts of Poland. For instance, the Ukraine, on the right bank of the Dnieper river, was wrested from Poland as far back as 1654. The Third Partition occurred in 1785. Poland has been partitioned again and again since.

"Then there was the Russo-Prussian siege of Warsaw in the summer of 1794. Personally I recall meeting the last Russian ambassador to the United States under the Czar, a Christian named Rosen. He was a man over eighty, and he wept in public over the fate of his country.

"I should also mention that in many parts of Russia in those early days, a Jew was not permitted to Russianize his name. It was a criminal offense. Even a first name for a Jew could not be Gregory or Vladimir though it meant the same in Jewish. All Jewish names had to conform to the Official Register kept by the government.

"Emma married a man by the name of Kerchner in February 1887. After some years she divorced him. When she was deported from the United States and after leaving Russia, she married James Colton in England, and thus became entitled to a much-coveted British passport.

"These were all the names of poor Emma."

Book Illustration

Those intelligent people who have a particular interest in Book Illustration should be pleased to learn of a publication on the subject which has recently been issued under the excellent editorship of Mrs. Frances J. Brewer, well-known rare book authority of Detroit, Michigan.

The title is *Essays on Book Illustration: The Coral Gables Lectures,* and consists of six papers by six different people which were presented at the Third Rare Book Conference of the American Library Association in Coral Gables, Florida, not long ago.

These six essays represent a valuable and original contribution to the literature on the subject. Three of them are concerned with the development of the art in America. Dr. Lawrence S. Thompson, Director of Libraries, University of Kentucky, in his "Survey of Book Illustration in South America", traces the origins and early phases of illustration in all the Spanish American colonies and countries, and stresses the need for additional and more exhaustive research in each of the individual territories covered by his survey. The paper by Mrs. Georgia C. Haugh, Rare Book Librarian at the William L. Clements Library, University of Michigan, is entitled "The Beginnings of American Book Illustration", and is devoted to the development in English speaking North America, and includes a valuable check list of books exemplifying the significant methods and trends over the years. The third contribution is by Dr. Budd Gambee, Department of Library Science, University of Michigan, and its title: "American Book and Magazine Illustration of the Later Nineteenth Century" is indicative of the area it thoroughly and constructively covers.

Of the other three essays, two deal with the hitherto neglected aspects of the history of illustration, and one offers a provocative interpretation of contemporary style and taste. Mr. Lucien Goldschmidt, New York City rare book dealer, provides a stimulating and enlightening contribution on "Baroque Book Illustration". Until recently, seventeenth century developments have received comparatively little attention and study, but they are now rapidly gaining recognition, and Mr. Goldschmidt's paper will be regarded as a reliable introduction to the types and fashions and to the most prominent contributions of the artists, illustrators, and engravers of the period.

"The Author as Illustrator" is the title of the section by Mr. Herbert Cahoon of the Pierpont Morgan Library of New York City, and in it he discusses such authors as William Makepeace Thackeray and William Schwenck Gilbert who were able to communicate with

their readers both in words and illustrations or "graphic images", pointing up the great William Blake as the foremost representative of this rare double-treaded talent. The final essayist is Mr. William A. Bostick, Secretary of the Detroit Institute of Arts, who offers a stimulating, and somewhat controversial, reinterpretation of the pre-Raphaelite credo in the graphic arts, implying that the really dark, dark ages of book illustration extended from the early sixteenth to the end of the nineteenth century.

One thing about which there can be no argument is the excellence with which Mrs. Brewer has executed her assignment here as editor. Her presence is a guarantee of the unusual value of the volume.

Essays on Book Illustration was published by Verlag Gabr. Mann, 1 Berlin West 62 (Schoneberg), Hauptstrasse 26, West Germany. It should have been published in this country, and if a potential purchaser of a copy does not want to go to all the trouble ordering from the publisher so far away, he can instruct his local dealer to get the work for him, or he may even write Mrs. Brewer, who may be able to direct the inquirer to an American dealer who has the book in stock. Mrs. Brewer is the able Chief of the Gifts and Rare Books Division of the Detroit Public Library, 5201 Woodward Avenue, Detroit 2, Michigan.

The book has eight full-page illustrations, and is attractively bound in full cloth.

To Save, or not to Save

To save, or not to save. To card, or discard. That's the question about dust-jackets. If a book you buy has the original protective covering on it, do you take it off and throw it away, or do you keep it on the book?

Mr. John Waynflete Carter, C.B.E., Sandars Reader in Bibliography in the University of Cambridge, Member of the Arts Council of Great Britain, author, bibliophile, and one of the world's greatest authorities on books and book collecting of all sorts, in his essential *ABC for Book-Collectors* (Rupert Hart-Davis, Ltd., 36 Soho Square, London, W. 1, England), writes about this covering, more or less adorned, usually found wrapped around books to protect the cloth covers in transit between publisher and reader-owner, and presents the following informative paragraphs on the subject:

> The earliest recorded dust-jacket dates from 1832 (many decades earlier than most people would guess). But its history

till the end of the century is almost entirely unexplored, and surviving examples earlier than the mid-eighties, are very uncommon indeed. This is natural enough, since dust-jackets were—and functionally still are—*ephemera* in the most extreme sense: wrappings intended to be thrown away *before* the objects they were designed to accompany were put to use.

Until about fifty years ago, therefore, it would probably be true to say that any dust-jacket that had survived had done so by accident—by the omission to discard, not by any conscious intention to preserve. Exceptions would have been provided by those mildly eccentric people who keep everything wrapped up; but not (in England at any rate) by any statutory preservation, since not being prints or pictures they were no concern of museums, and not being part of the book they were, and are, normally rejected by librarians.

Yet dust-jackets may be of artistic interest; they may have an illustration not in the book itself, they may have a "blurb" written by the author; and these have of recent years engaged the attention of serious collectors. With the great resurgance of collecting Modern Firsts in the 1920's, indeed dust-jackets of all kinds came into their own with a vengeance. For whereas no one knows whether *Eric, or Little by Little* (1858) [by Frederic William Farrar, 1831-1903] or *The Prisoner of Zenda* (1894) [by Anthony Hope, Anthony Hope Hawkins, 1863-1933] was issued in one, any book published since the turn of the century was plausibly assumed to have been. And as the insistence on a high standard of condition became increasingly widespread, it seemed logical to demand, of a recent book described as "mint" or "as new", that it should be in its original jacket, whether this was of any intrinsic interest or not.

That this insistence sometimes became rather hysterical is true. But though many collectors today have reverted to the rational view that the dust-jacket is not part of the book, and therefore has no place on the shelf, a good many others value them; and while these may not decline a contemporary first edition in brilliant state without its jacket, they are willing to pay the additional price which booksellers normally charge for one that has it. This will remain a matter of taste. Yet sticklers for fine condition may be reminded that the late Morris L. Parrish, one of the greatest sticklers who ever lived, invariably threw away dust-jackets, even off books which he knew had cost him more for their presence.

Moreover, as the marriage of book and dust-jacket was never

meant to be permanent, divorces can all too easily be followed by remarriages; and it may take a shrewd eye to tell, without external evidence, whether the jacket on a modern first edition has always been on it or came from another copy. Often this may be of no great matter. But did it perhaps come from a later edition? Anyway, one should never be so dazzled by a clean dust-jacket as to omit scrutiny of the cloth beneath it; for once in a while the alien character of the former will be exposed by the fact that the latter is quite shabby.

In Catalogue No. 8, recently issued by that enterprising dealer in modern rare books, Mr. Henry W. Wenning, 282 York Street, New Haven, Connecticut, item 120 is described as follows:

FITZGERALD (F. Scott) Tales of the Jazz Age. 8vo, cloth. New York 1922. First Edition. A fine copy in heavily repaired dust jacket. $22.50

The next item, No. 121, is described in this way:

———— Another Copy. A fine copy, without dust jacket. $16.00

Anyone who can subtract figures will know how much that "heavily repaired dust jacket" is worth in dollars and cents.

Another Fitzgerald item is No. 122:

———— The Vegetable. 8vo, cloth. New York, 1923. First Edition. A very fine copy in dust jacket with a small mend. $32.50

Item 123 is

———— Another Copy. A very fine copy without dust jacket. $17.50

This is good evidence of the value now being placed on dust jackets, but here is just one more example from the same catalogue. It is another work by Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald:

———— The Great Gatsby. Small 8vo, cloth. New York 1925. First Edition, first issue with error on p. 205. This is a fine copy in the first issue dust jacket, with the hand-printed "J" on the back cover. Jacket worn. $50.00

The next item, No. 126, is:

———— Another Copy. Quite a fine copy, without dust jacket. 22.50

Here one sees the difference between a worn jacket and no jacket at all is $27.50, which is more than the price of the book without the jacket. In other words the jacket is worth more than the book!

In the introduction to a recent list of his, Mr. Roderick Benton, that erudite book dealer and bibliophilosopher over at Skaneateles, New York, had these cogent remarks to offer on the subject:

> You have perhaps noted that when a book has the original dust jacket or dust wrapper we indicate it by the abbreviations *d.j.*, or *d.w.* Some people seem to put great store by dust jackets, particularly publishers who claim the jacket sells the book! I have seen catalogued a fine copy of a book in dust jacket at $20.00 and immediately following a fine copy of the same book less the jacket at $13.00! That makes the jacket cost $7.00. How ridiculous! [Evidently Mr. Benton had not yet seen Mr. Wenning's Catalogue No. 8.] A jacket does not always help preserve the book; many jackets "bleed" or stain the binding and endpapers, and furthermore shelves of books in jackets, particularly in private homes are a distasteful sight. Our advice, for what it is worth, is to remove the jackets, file them away in a drawer, pending sale of books at your demise when someone may want the books in jackets; then shelve your books to show the original bindings or the nice leather cases you've had made for them. I have sold new books for many years and I have yet to see a buyer remove the jacket to see what the publisher has put underneath—so perhaps the publishers are right—and people buy dust jackets.

So there you are: *To save, or not to save.* That's the question. The solution seems to be one of personal choice.

(Another question may be: How far distant is the day when a dealer will issue a catalogue offering only a lot of dust jackets?)

The Disappearance of John Barlas

There are only five people in the continental United States of North America today who could tell you right off the bat who John Evelyn Barlas was and for what he should be distinguished.

It is a shame and a pity the man and his work are now all forgotten and completely disregarded.

John Barlas was a brilliant genius and a richly endowed English poet, who was born in Burma in 1860, and died in seclusion in Glasgow on 15 August 1914. Sometimes he used the pseudonym *Evelyn Douglas,* partially derived from his ancestress, the Scottish heroine, Catherine Douglas, who tried back in the year 1437 to save James I of Scotland from assassins by barring the door with her arm as the bolt

through the rings, hence *Bar-lass.* Barlas himself appears to have inherited the lady's superb courage and impulsiveness to an extraordinary degree.

While yet an undergraduate at Oxford University, Barlas married a grandniece of Lord Horatio Nelson (Viscount Nelson of the Nile), yet in spite of these associations: aristocratic descent, Oxford prestige, and marriage, he threw in with the great William Morris, joined the Social Democratic Federation, and became a regular and enthusiastic contributor to Morris's *The Commonweal.*

Being more a visionary than a practical man, Barlas issued his books obscurely in such a grotesquely unbusiness-like manner that no one now seems to know what has become of them. Only two complete sets are known: the one in the British Museum, and one in this country, privately owned.

Eight small volumes of verse were issued during Barlas's lifetime:

Poems Lyrical and Dramatic, London, 1884
Queen of the Hid Isle, London, 1885
Punchinello and his Wife Judith: A Tragedy, Chelmsford, 1886
Holy of Holies, Chelmsford, 1887
Phantasmagoria: Dream Fugues, Chelmsford, 1887
Bird-Notes, Chelmsford, 1887
Love Sonnets, Chelmsford, 1889
Songs of a Bayadere & Songs of a Troubadour, Dundee, 1893.

In 1925, there was issued *Selections from the Poems of John Evelyn Barlas* (London: Elkin Mathews, Ltd.), with an introductory note by Henry Stephens Salt, but this has been out of print for some time, and is provokingly elusive.

In his note Salt described Barlas as a man of singularly handsome appearance, courageous, and strong, and as a writer possessed of power and distinction with a frank, high-spirited nature and a passion for Freedom. "Of all rebels against the existing society," Salt wrote, "none are so irreconcilable as the passionate lovers of nature who are forever contrasting the actual with the ideal, the serfdom of the present with the liberty of the years to come. It was to this order of heart and mind, children of a golden past or a golden future, that Barlas was related; a Greek in spirit, he had also in a high degree the modern sense of brotherhood, and a fiery impatience of tyranny, privilege, and commercialism breathes in many of his writings. . . . Nobility of sentiment is a trait of all Barlas's writings; and it is characteristic of him that his

love poems, though full of intense feeling, are also inspired by a wider and more unselfish impulse, the love that overflows the narrow bounds of the personal and embraces all fellow-beings in its scope."

In an earlier critical essay on "John Barlas's Poetry", which appeared in *The Yellow Book* for October 1896, the same Salt declared ". . . there is no mistaking the originality of the thought and workmanship, the deep heartfelt humanity by which the poems are informed, or the gorgeous tropical splendour of the imagery and diction", and cited several poems which "are steeped in a rich fantasy of feeling and colour quite peculiar to Barlas, and not to be surpassed, in its own way, in all the range of our literature." But it was in the Sonnet, according to Salt, that Barlas's genius reached its fullest development. "I speak advisedly," he wrote, "when I say that his *Love Sonnets* (1889), quite unknown as it is to ninety-nine out of a hundred readers of poetry, deserves to take rank, and will some day take rank, with the greatest sonnet-structures of the century. For serenity of tone, mastery of style, and deep personal pathos, it will be hard to surpass many of the sonnets in this book, which has drawn from no less an authority than George Meredith [English novelist and poet; author of *Diana of the Crossways,* etc.] the opinion that, in this form of writing, Barlas 'takes high rank among the poets of his time.' "

It is a mystery how a man such as the unreticent John Barlas whose writings were so authoritatively praised could sink into oblivion and disappear from the literary scene, and in such a short time. Today he is not read, he is not even known, he is not represented in any anthologies, his name appears in no textbooks, and copies of his books seem not to be available for acquisition.

For something like three years now the Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books at Syracuse University has been pulling his hair out in frenzied and frustrated efforts to purchase copies of the original editions of John Barlas's works for the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room. He has canvassed the book dealers, large and small, old and new, here and abroad, and the result to date is zero, minus, negative, nothing, not a nibble. Can any member of Library Associates help fill a hiatus in the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room and at the same time save the rest of the Curator's curls? Will you please check the book cases in your parlor for any of the books listed above by John Evelyn Barlas alias Evelyn Douglas? How about that box of Grandma's books you put up in the attic back in 1926? Will you ask around among your friends and the book dealers of your acquaintance? Whatever you turn up will be most gratefully received as your gift, but if you had rather make a sale, you will have no difficulty in being properly imbursed.

There are students and scholars (and professors) here at Syracuse University who should know about John Barlas and should read and become familiar with his work. Right now they are being deprived of that privilege and pleasure. The Curator is continuing his efforts. Will you please see what you can do about this?

Note: There are, of course, other books wanted for the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room. A list of 115 titles has been prepared of highly desirable books which would be gladly accepted as gifts, and if there is any Library Associate who would like to have a copy of this, it will be supplied immediately upon application to the Editor of *The Courier*. This list was compiled at the suggestion of a Library Associate who was interested in making a donation in the more permanent form of *wanted* books which would carry bookplates bearing his name as donor along with that of someone whose memory he wished to commemorate.

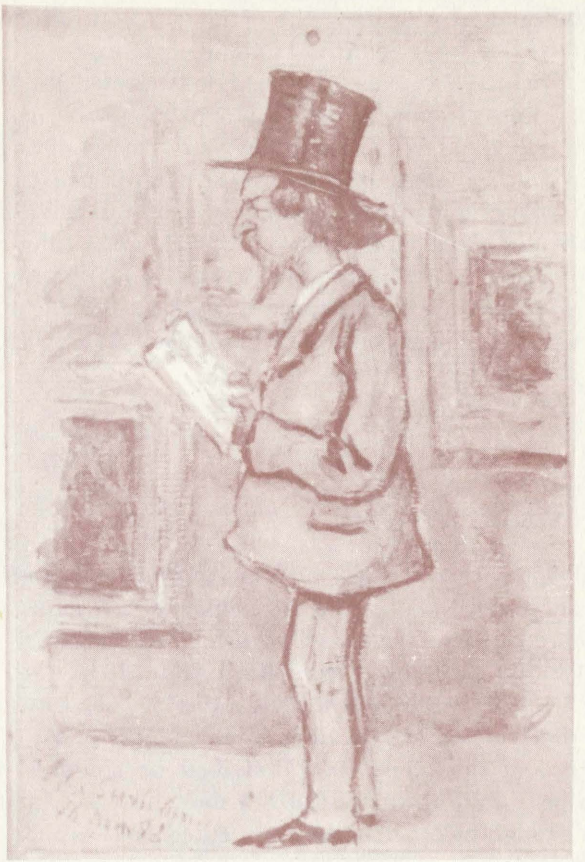
Hyder's Swinburne

Back in 1933, the Duke University Press at Durham, North Carolina, published an unusual book entitled: *Swinburne's Literary Career and Fame*. This referred to the great English poet, dramatist, and critic, Algernon Charles Swinburne, who lived from 1837 until 1909, and the author was Clyde Kenneth Hyder, a distinguished member of the faculty of the University of Kansas at Lawrence.

The title of the book aptly described its contents. It did not pretend to be a critical analysis of Swinburne's work—that had been done often enough by others—but it presented in a manner understood by the layman and appreciated by the scholar a thorough study of the many and varied criticisms of the Englishman's works in England and America in a chronological order from 1866 to 1932 from John Morley (Viscount Morley of Blackburn, 1838-1923, English statesman and gentleman of letters) through Thomas Stearns Eliot (poet and publisher from Saint Louis, Missouri, 1888—), with Swinburne's reactions to some of these opinions, and a *Postlude* which covered the nature of his posthumous fame during the years 1910-1932.

How Hyder's work was received may be perceived by a sampling from newspaper notices of the book:

New York *Herald Tribune,* 1 October 1933: "After reading some of the highly colored compilations on the private lives of the more temperamental mid-Victorians with which we have lately been deluged,



Algernon Charles Swinburne at the Exhibition of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's works, Burlington House, London, 16 May 1883.
From the original caricature in ink and crayon by George Roland Halkett (1865-1918), artist and writer on art, in the collection of the Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books, Syracuse University. Hitherto unpublished.

it is a relief to turn to Professor Hyder's well-balanced and well-documented study. . . . This book presents Swinburne in a better perspective without robbing him of his essential picturesqueness. It will be of great interest and importance to all students of Swinburne and of his period."

The Christian Science Monitor, 30 September 1933: "There is, perhaps unavoidably, a good deal of somewhat trivial literary gossip. But the task has been done exhaustively and it was worth doing. The book does not alter one's conception of the main lines along which Swinburne's fame developed or of the position where it stands today; but it serves to confirm impressions already formed and will form those not previously fixed. It is written in a simple and gentlemanly style; it is sound in sense and taste; it is without prurience. The ample notes, gathered at the end, should not be overlooked, nor the impressive bibliography."

New York *Times,* 15 October 1933: "By tracing Swinburne's literary career through the files of reviews from the Eighteen Sixties down to modern times, Mr. Hyder indicates the changes of opinion about this poet's art. A thorough performance, it presents evidence that critical opinion about any unique poet is likely [this word should be *liable*] to be wrong, likely [*liable*] to be determined by the moral attitude of its period, emphasizes the fact that time must be allowed before critical judgment can place an original artist in proper perspective within literary tradition."

Over the years *Swinburne's Literary Career and Fame* was sold out of print, and copies became collectors' items. Very seldom was a copy listed in a secondhand book dealer's catalogue but it was grabbed off immediately by a person or a library interested in the field it represented. No new printings were issued by the Duke University Press, and recently when the copyright on the work expired, that enterprising firm of Russell & Russell, Inc. (80 East 11 Street, New York City), came to the rescue, and published a brand new edition to the relief of many who have been wanting to acquire copies of the book.

Though the book is the same as the one originally published, and of course does not take into account the Swinburnian and Victorian developments and disclosures of the years since 1933, it is certain to attract patrons and be purchased if for no other reason than to replace the worn and tattered copies on library shelves which have been read to pieces during the past thirty years.

I Remember Dorothy

By DALE WARREN

Note: Dale Warren, a close personal friend of Dorothy Thompson, was her Editor at Houghton Mifflin Company, the firm which published her books: *Let the Record Speak, Listen, Hans,* and *The Courage to be Happy.* His profile of Miss Thompson, "Off the Record with a Columnist", appeared in *The Saturday Review of Literature,* 10 June 1944, and his recollections of Sinclair Lewis, "Notes on a Genius: Sinclair Lewis at His Best", in *Harper's Magazine,* January 1954. He and Miss Thompson shared many mutual interests, and she used to say it was obviously because they had the same birthday, 9 July. They spent twenty-one of these birthdays together.

This is the first appearance in print of *I Remember Dorothy.*

I remember Dorothy and I remember a great deal and I always shall. For Dorothy Thompson left a deep impression on most of those who knew her. She impressed the mind or the heart or the imagination and, in many cases, all three. One of the reasons for this was that, with those close to her, she never consciously attempted to leave any impression at all. Yet her character was so positive, her personal attributes so distinctive, and her loyalties so strong that many of those who knew her intimately, or crossed her path even briefly, could claim in all honesty that they were never quite the same again. If anyone had told her this, she would have tossed it off with an amusing and spontaneous retort, and that would have been that. Occasionally, the reaction she produced was strongly negative.

Dorothy Thompson did indeed endeavor to leave her mark on the times in which she lived; she felt and maintained, with refreshing candor, that this was the purpose for which she was created—and she took all the jumps right up to the last fence. Journalist, columnist, broadcaster, commentator, lecturer, writer, traveler, she struggled valiantly for "one world", not necessarily that of her friend and admirer Wendell Willkie, whom she eventually deserted for FDR, in campaign heat, even after he had given her a G. E. refrigerator, in

lieu of the traditional box of chocolates, as a "hostess present". She believed that nations, countries, states, small towns and communities, groups of whatever rank and file and differentiated interests, should be smart enough to get along together. Were they not all composed of human beings? And were not human beings beholden to God Almighty? Then, having laid down this dictum I recall her pausing to light a fresh cigarette—she smoked like all the chimneys of our childhood rolled into one—and adding a qualification: "There are only three groups which have never been able and never will be able to understand each other—*men, women, and children.*" She always underscored her punch lines with force and vigor.

The women whom she greatly admired were as diverse as Edna St. Vincent Millay, Clare Booth Luce and Rebecca West, but they did not include that prophetess of doom, a lady named Cassandra, to whom she was, when civilization was at one of its recurrent nadirs, likened by Harold Ickes. I remember her shrugging off the epithet by announcing to a roomful: "Say what you will about Cassandra, the chief thing about her, and the unfortunate thing about her, is that she was always right." To one of her deftest and most amusing articles she gave the title: "Can Women be Ladies?"

Her modesty was ingrained, if not always apparent, yet she was the furthest remove from the shrinking violet. When Mark Schorer was at work on his monumental life of Sinclair Lewis, her second husband, he wrote me: "If this book is to have a heroine, that heroine will be Dorothy Thompson." When I repeated this to her one afternoon at her Vermont farm, she continued arranging the peonies in a tall glass vase, and almost inaudibly murmured: "I seriously doubt if I will be the heroine of that book—or the heroine of any other book." However, many of Schorer's readers have reached the same conclusion, and those who knew her well have underscored his tribute: "I think I have known no other woman who was so completely without vanity."

Dorothy Thompson was a striking combination of objective analyst and creative artist. Although she was proud to call herself a journalist and indeed added lustre to the profession which included her friends and co-workers and competitors—Shirer, Knickerbocker, Vincent Sheean, Paul and Edgar Mowrer, Gunther, Kaltenborn, Negley Farson, Raymond Swing, Walter Lippmann and Anne O'Hare McCormack, the Hungarian Fodor, the Italian Max Ascoli, and the lucid Frenchman Raoul de Roussy de Sales—she began where many journalists and commentators leave off, reflecting in all that she wrote, and spoke, a culture (for lack of a better word) rarely encountered in her field. It gave her a wry amusement to point out that not only Mussolini

and Hitler, but Lenin and Trotsky as well, began their careers as journalists.

She read widely, she pondered deeply, she remembered prodigiously, and she worked like a demon. In her pursuit of the truth, as a "liberal democrat", she studied causes and effects, she examined relationships and inter-relationships, she was always conscious of connections, and continually looking for implications. She cut through trivia to essentials. Her memory, she always said, was the result of early parental discipline. When she once slapped her sister Peggy she was shut in a closet and not let out until she could recite "Adonais" from first line to last. On late evenings in front of the soapstone stove in the Vermont studio-converted-from-barn, I can still see and hear her, beside a lustrous copper wash-boiler filled with the red and orange and yellow leaves of October, with a harvest moon just outside the big window, holding her listeners spellbound as she introduced the "last knight of Europe", from Chesterton's "Lepanto". Just what youthful misdemeanor led to her memorizing this classic so well suited to her forthright delivery, she would never divulge.

Had she wished, I have no doubt but what she could have made a name for herself as a decorator, a landscape designer, a couturière or a chef de cuisine. At one time she did almost make the grade as a poultry farmer, and when the chickens refused to pay off, due largely to wartime restrictions and concomitant red tape, happily took up with cows and sheep. But it was in the world of men and women, and in the world of emotions and ideas and what they may lead to, that she was chiefly oriented. "You'll love her," she said to me once before introducing a dynamic friend who had just arrived from Central Europe. "She's completely neurotic . . . all my friends are . . . that's why they're my friends." It was this visitor who characterized Dorothy, and not too badly, as "an extroverted introvert". Another, quite suitably, christened her a Passionate Pilgrim.

She could sew a fine seam, as she was made to as a child, and she could also concoct a delectable *mousse au chocolat,* although in her Spartan childhood it was a luxury to have a single orange in the course of a year, and that miraculously appearing in a Christmas stocking. Throughout her life, Dorothy could take raw materials and assemble them in such a fashion that a work of art was the result, and the least of these raw materials was words, mere words. So the name she actually did make for herself was as a writer, and she did not limit herself to reporting the events of the day, either in her own country or in what Sinclair Lewis so happily paraphrased as our "world so wide". Her executors, even the close friends in whom she confided,

A very good picture of
Sweet peas!

So wrote Dorothy Thompson on this photograph given to Dale Warren.

were amazed and impressed with the range and variety of "literary remains" which she left, to be impounded for a long period in the antiseptic vaults of a New York bank and later transferred to the permanent home for which she intended them—the Dorothy Thompson Collection at Syracuse University, at which she had been a rather indifferent student. Her media of expression were varied: there were notebooks, diaries and journals, early longhand drafts of many of her speeches and much of her journalistic work, letters and copies thereof, several marked "written but never sent", rough notes for many of the editorials she wrote over a span of twenty years for the *Ladies' Home Journal,* clippings in half a dozen different languages, a play or two, the beginnings of a novel, short stories, booklets filled with farm accounts and hints for successful gardening, the opening section of her *Autobiography* which she did not live to complete. Biographers and students, who would assess her correctly, will be drawn increasingly to this rich mine of material. Of her poetry, which is extant but which she never offered for publication, her comment invariably was: "It was excellent, when first written—by Shelley."

She knew words and their meanings, and how to use them effectively in combination, in counterpoint, and in contrast. She had much in common with her friends, Winston Churchill, Thomas Mann, and Arturo Toscanini. Was it wholly fortuitous that of her three husbands, the first was a journalist, the second a novelist, and the third a painter and sculptor? She surrounded herself with thinkers and creators, with interpreters, with movers and shakers. Their medium of expression was to her secondary; what was primary was the fact that they had something to express and were not reluctant to do so. She often drew quick response from the taxi driver, the village storekeeper, the elevator operator or the poultry farmer. She talked a common language in a manner that is all too uncommon. "As long as she has need of me I will be at her beck and call," said one of her devoted household helpers one morning as she set before me a plate of pancakes and her own maple syrup—a sturdy Vermont farmwife who raised cows and grandchildren as well as sugar maples but, as she said, could always find the time "to fit in Miss Thompson".

She liked the narrow faces and sly grins of the native Vermonters, their independence and their realistic attitudes. Their candor was obvious to me when I arrived one autumn and her gardener, with no preliminaries, announced: "I would thank you not to suggest moving any more perennials this year. I have plenty to do as it is." Needless to say, they did get moved, but in their own good time. Even though she could, and did, do any number of things with efficiency and

dispatch—even in the midst of a weeding orgy, a bout of berry-picking, or the arrangements for a luncheon party, there was often the refrain: "Can you bear it? This is the day I have to write a column."—she was not essentially a do-it-yourself-girl. She was, however, distinctly a how-to-get-it-done-girl, and she was eternally mobilized to this end. Her creative capacity aside, she was an efficient organizer, administrator, and executive, and those who worked for her, in whatever capacity, generally found this verve and zest contagious.

She liked the flower-studded Vermont pastures and hillsides, so like Switzerland, and the rich, dank woodlands, and throughout her middle and later years Vermont was always home, even during winter vacations when New York became oppressive, or she returned depleted from a lecture trip or a tour of duty which might have taken her from London to Tel Aviv, via way stations. It was Sinclair Lewis, on the course of their whirlwind courtship, from Berlin to Moscow and back, who first suggested a home in Vermont, a promise which he made good and which was to her ever-lasting satisfaction. I remember her standing with great pride on the stone slab (actually her own doorstep) from which Lafayette had addressed the citizenry of Barnard in 1825, and welcoming a Volunteer Land Corps delegation, invited for a picnic lunch on the lawns. I also recall the night she was scheduled to talk in Middlebury and we all drove up. Dorothy put her head out of the car window and asked the officer at the crossroads the way to the High School auditorium. "Down there," he pointed. "But you can't get in. Place jampacked. Dorothy Thompson speaking tonight." Calvin Coolidge could not have made his point more tersely.

The Vermont farm in Barnard was actually two farms, and so the name "Twin Farms" was appropriate. The two parcels of land adjoined, with a view of Mt. Ascutney in the distance, and on each was a house, and outbuildings, which needed and eventually achieved almost wholesale restoration. Whatever furnishings did not seem to fit into one eventually found a suitable niche in the other, Maria Theresa and Biedermeyer blending somehow appropriately with Hepplewhite and Governor Winthrop. There was an antique shop nearby, and from it came Sandwich glass, old cider jugs, candle molds, stray bits of copper and brass.

There was one aspect of Vermont life which did not please Miss Thompson at all. It gave her no pleasure to look out of the window at sunrise and watch deer and woodchucks, and whatever could get over or under the 100-proof fence, at work on her *mange-tout* peas and six-foot dephiniums. To Governor after Governor, to County Agent after County Agent, she used to point out the simple fact that if Vermont

were to be an agricultural State, it could not likewise be a wild-life preserve. To her it seemed a truism that you could not have it both ways and both at the one time, as they still say in the country.

Once in the midst of a national crisis, when she found herself selling two houses and moving into a third, and redecorating an apartment (she always had something of a real estate complex) she wrote: "Moving isn't half as bad as you would think. It helps take your mind off of Little Rock." More recently, it would not have been limited to Little Rock. But the truth of the matter was that, with her particular form of concentration, she could generally keep her mind on a dozen things at once.

By far the strongest influence in her life was her father and his image was constantly before her. He was a Methodist clergyman by the name of Peter Thompson, although of no connection with the children's apparel known as such. He had come to this country from Durham, England, and spent his days and nights in a series of small and inconsequential parsonages in Upstate New York. From him she inherited her deep religious instinct and her conception of the fundamental Christian principles which motivated her life. Yet, although she could recite the King James Version chapter and verse, I never knew her to darken a church door, except to gaze in awe at "The Last Supper" on a hurried trip through Milan, and at least once when she got married. She lamented the fact that so many churches had fallen prey to coffee hours and bridge parties. What she sought was a different form of togetherness. Also, she was intellectually about two steps ahead of most preachers.

While very definitely of this world, the world she lived in, and truly contemporary in all senses, her values never became diluted or compromised, whether these values were of her father's world, that of the Federalists, or of St. Thomas Aquinas, and her power of discrimination enabled her to reject popular conventions and shibboleths. In no sense a Puritan, as she had a strong appetite for the riches and bounties of earth, her inheritance and upbringing led her to abhor all forms of pretense, ostentation and conspicuous waste, and to reject mediocrity in whatever guise it might present itself. For all her sophistication, and it was genuine sophistication, there was always something of the unspoiled and rigorously disciplined child about her. Said one of those closest to her: "Everything about Dorothy is extremely simple."

She used to say, as much in earnest as in jest: "When I follow my instincts I am quite apt to be right but when I follow my intelligence alone I am generally wrong." Actually her emotions and her intellect were closely integrated; what she thought most strongly, she felt most

strongly. Fundamentally she was both logical and consistent. She supported the dictum: "The trouble with the younger generation is that they have not read the minutes of the last meeting." As for herself, she had not only read them, but had subscribed to and acted upon many of them as well. Even at sixty-five she thought of the "younger generation" as her own.

"The consciousness that I live in a revolutionary world is the central fact in my life. I go to sleep and I awake thinking of the world in which I live." I am certain that she did not enjoy writing these words, but I am equally certain that she wrote the truth. Not only was she among the first to suspect and reject the philosophies and ideologies of fascism and communism, but she put and she kept the courage of her convictions on record throughout a career which spanned nearly half a century and half a hundred dynasties and dictatorships: "I want to help create, in order to live in, a society with which I am intellectually and emotionally reconciled . . . I am deeply skeptical of technological progress as the promise of human salvation."

Superimposed as they were on an essential and characteristic Americanism, her years abroad gave her both background and perspective. It was in Europe through which she swept, in John Gunther's words, like a blue-eyed tornado, that she actually came of age, first as a mere reporter and later, based chiefly in Vienna and Berlin, as the first woman to occupy a major post as foreign correspondent. Her honors, her degrees, a *Time* cover story, a long list of "firsts", recognition in many fields—all this she took lightly yet with considerable relish.

Much was made, in the various articles written about her, of her borrowing five hundred dollars from Freud to get herself from Vienna to Warsaw for the purpose of covering the Pilsudski revolution, but she was not a patient of his, although, at the time of the break-up of her first marriage, his few well-chosen words proved very much to the point: "Buy a new wardrobe and change the color of your lipstick." Some years later, I remember her addressing one of the forums sponsored by the New York *Herald Tribune,* and saying: "Whereas I have the profoundest admiration for the genius of Sigmund Freud, I have the profoundest distrust of the therapy known as psychoanalysis." When George Gershwin died prematurely in California, she really let herself go: "He began to complain of excruciating headaches, and what do those Hollywood intellectuals do? They send him to a psychoanalyst, who puts him on a couch to talk about his love-life while (thumping her own brow vigorously) all the time he is dying of a brain tumor!"

Her charities, private rather than public, were widespread and wholly spontaneous. It gave her a deeper pleasure to send a deserving child to school or summer camp and an ailing friend off on a European holiday than to contribute to one drive or another merely by reaching for her checkbook. She did not subscribe to causes merely because it was expected of her or would give her standing in the community. This she left to status seekers and others. She helped people for the simple reason that she wanted to help them. She never expected them to be beholden to her, as she was free and clear of any Lady Bountiful complex. Now and then she made mistakes in her judgments and was led merrily down the garden path. Of one such experience, she wrote an impressive and frightening article, "How I Was Duped by a Communist".

She had her moments, many moments, of what appeared to be amnesia or abstraction, and they were often misunderstood by chance acquaintances and others who did not appreciate the actual workings of her mind. I remember her saying one night, "Let's celebrate. Order some champagne. My treat." When the bill came at the end of the evening and I paid it I smiled to myself: "Isn't that just like Dorothy?" When next day I received a check accompanied by two typewritten words, "For champagne", I found myself repeating: "Isn't that just like Dorothy?"

At the time of the Hiss-Chambers trial, she happened to remark that she had never met or even seen Alger Hiss. A friend who was present said: "I am sorry to contradict, but I myself brought him to your house and you sat talking to him for a full hour." Telling this story on herself, Dorothy added: "That just goes to show what a help I would be on the witness stand—any witness stand." She had her lacunae, and was the first to admit it.

When her son was a small boy in Bronxville, he repeatedly asked his mother to get him one of those pint-size alligators that were carried at the better New York pet shops. Day after day she promised, and day after day she forgot. Finally, he came right out and said it: "The trouble with you, Mother, is that your mind just isn't on alligators." All too true, and presumably all for the best.

She was instinctively drawn to people whom she considered "gifted", a term she did not use in the passive sense. Gifts, whatever their nature, she believed were bestowed, carrying with them an added sense of responsibility, coupled with a capacity for good hard work. Nor did she require that all gifts be cut from the same piece of cloth. She liked to be in the same room when her friend, Ania Dorfman, was "practicing" Mendelssohn, when Menuhin suddenly replaced his black

tie with a sweatshirt for a workout on his violin. Under her roof, much music was made, pictures were painted, figures were fashioned out of clay or stone, scenes from plays tried out, "speeches" rehearsed, and many, many blank pages covered with words. Discussions, debates and arguments, often too heated for comfort, used to go on until the small hours. When she went to the theatre, it was generally to see the latest plays, but it was the oldest music that took her repeatedly to the concert hall or opera house.

She was a hostess in the true sense of the word because she liked to draw people together and draw the best out of them. She made people comfortable in the physical sense, she made them feel at home, and she fed them not only to the Queen's taste but with originality as well. I have, put away somewhere, an article she once wrote in longhand entitled "How to Give a Party—And Like It". It covered everything from soup to nuts, and then went on from there to the extent of seventeen pages. She wrote it simply because she thought it would be fun and would clarify her ideas, but she never bothered to have it typed or submitted to a magazine. Prodigal of her own gifts, yet needfully rationing her energies, she always seemed to have time to carry out the good intentions which most of us would use for paving a certain subterranean region. The cocktail party, and long before the emergence of T. S. Eliot, she branded as "the nadir of human entertainment".

I remember the fun she had in arranging, in the big studio room in Vermont, for the wedding of a devoted and trusted household servant who decided to marry a New York neighbor, and the pains she took with the details. All went off without a hitch until one of the guests upset a plate of chicken salad all over his new jacket. "Don't give it a thought," said Dorothy rising as usual to the occasion. "The groom is a dry-cleaner."

Yet in the midst of this galaxy of talent which gravitated towards her, she always tried to keep her head on her shoulders so as to be able to distinguish the genuine article. One of her most original pieces she called "Beware of Genuises". She claimed that several of them had considered her a soft touch and had literally wept all over her shoulders. She stated that she had known intimately five of the breed, and we all found it great fun, as a guessing game, to try to figure just who the five were. She would never confess, merely signing off with the comment: "I was cast for the role of Whistler's Mother before I was thirty."

Simply change the "He" to "She" in the famed opening sentence of Sabatini's *Scaramouche,* "He was born with a gift of laughter and a

Dorothy Thompson and Dale Warren
had the same birthday and celebrated twenty-one of them together.

sense that the world was mad", and you will have a very fair picture of Miss Dorothy Thompson. It was this irrepressible laughter (although there were many times when she would rather have cried) which caused her ejection from the German-American Bund rally in Madison Square Garden, an episode well publicized but hardly rating the front page as did the reports of her expulsion from Nazi Germany. Although she was convinced that much of the world was mad, from demagogues to reactionaries, from soft-headed liberals to misguided radicals and visionaries, she did her utmost to get it back on the right track.

Just as her writing was quiet, subdued, and therefore the more effective, though seldom lacking in dramatic punch, her voice on the lecture platform or before the microphone, was restrained and modulated, and at one time better known than that of any other American woman with the possible exception of Eleanor Roosevelt—and much easier to listen to. At Syracuse University, and even before, she undoubtedly labored over her "compositions", but I am reasonably sure that she never took a public-speaking lesson in her life. It came as naturally to her to talk as to write. "Small talk" never and "gossip" never never—as she always claimed she couldn't even remember it. But "shop talk" always. By "shop talk", she meant a person's interests, his work, anything to do with his or her professional experience. Around the house she used to indulge not only in non-stop monologues but also in some lively shouting as well, and the few who tried to turn her off, in favor of a good night's sleep, never got very far.

She could "pick brains" with the best of them, and even enjoy long periods of silence as she was listening, but it was her custom to use whomsoever might be in the room as a sounding-board, and thus get her homework done under the pleasantest and most convivial circumstances. Brain-picking she believed to be the prerequisite of the successful journalist, in fact an integral part of the journalist's technique. And throughout her career she often had the sheer good luck to be in the right place at the right time, and was thus an eyewitness to significant events.

"He put his tongue right into Dorothy's mouth and she couldn't say a word for one whole minute. Quite a record!" The occasion was a visit paid to an over-affectionate honeybear secreted by a novel-writing animal lover in a West Side penthouse. The speaker was the exuberant and ebullient Czech artist, Maxim Kopf, who was to become her third husband.

She often selected her friends for no other reason than that she liked to laugh with—never at—them. The few who maintained that

she was impressed with the sound of her own voice and did not always heed or respond to what was being said to her were only half right. Gradually she started to grow deaf, and it was a convenient alibi, although never in the world would she admit it. She also had had plenty of practice in knowing when to turn a deaf ear, as she was lightning-quick when it came to distinguishing that which was of importance and interest from that which was not. She was not unmindful of her epigrams, her witticisms and her brilliant thrusts, and in characterizing other women, one of her sincerest compliments was that they were "witty". In men she looked for other qualities, but regardless of the sex her preferences were for people who were "gifted", and responsive as well. "Did you ever see a nicer young man," she whispered one night as he left the room, "—or a duller one?"

It was this enjoyment of reciprocal laughter which first attracted her to Maxim Kopf, whom she found it well worth waiting for: "I was forty-nine years old before I ever fell in love." "My Husband—Maxim Kopf", published as the introduction to the volume of reproductions of his paintings, tells the story in moving detail. Her eighth and final book, *The Courage to be Happy,* also revealed many facets never suggested by her political writing. Although a probing book, with serious undertones, she did not regard it as the summation of her philosophy. This was to have been embodied in her *Autobiography* on which she worked steadily during the two years following her decision to terminate her syndicated column. Soon after the preliminary volume appeared, she wrote her publishers asking when she might expect a royalty check, and then added characteristically: "I have just ordered a new winter wardrobe from Bergdorf which has enormously bolstered my 'courage to be happy' and the same can pay for it."

She was always in love with life although it brought her bitter personal disappointments, periods of debilitating depression, and increasing discontent with accepted values. What she saw going on in the world, or rather felt going on all around her, caused her such deep concern that she frequently feared she could not rally to carry on the fight for freedom, justice and peace to which she was committed. Yet she had a remarkable resiliance and the ability to snap back. "I guess I must be a tough old girl," she scribbled on a picture postcard—the last line I ever had from her. The day before, she had been discharged from a British hospital in Portugal, and was busy making plans for the future.

Not wanting to miss a trick and still confident that, after trial and error, it would all somehow turn out for the best for the greatest

number, she often said, even wrote: "I want to live to be a hundred." She once quoted to me a line written by her friend, Carl Zuckmayer: "Home is not where you live but where you want to die." Most certainly she did not want to die in a hotel room in Lisbon, alone in the middle of winter in the middle of the night. After the services in Vermont the following May, Vincent Sheean wrote: "It was like saying good-bye to a lifetime."

One of the few occasions on which I remember Dorothy losing her temper was when she received a crank letter from an irate reader berating one of her columns urging American intervention. It concluded: "I do not choose to have my son die fighting in Europe." Expostulating to a room full of guests, she went briskly to her typewriter, and read aloud as she typed: "Well then, just how do you choose to have your son die? From a cerebral hemorrhage? From cancer? In an automobile accident? Just how? Believe me, Madam, there are some things over which we cannot exercise a choice, and death is most assuredly one of them."

A few months after receiving the final message, I was in her workroom in Vermont, lately transformed from an attic space over the shed. There were her books and papers, her files and records always meticulously kept, old photographs, albums, letters, keepsakes—all under a thick layer of dust. She always set particular store by a scroll which I had given her for a birthday present and which she kept hanging over her desk. Letters had been cut out, years ago by some unknown hand, from red, white and blue paper and pasted on a swatch of discolored linen. The legend which so appealed to her read:

GOD PROTECT US
FROM
TRAITORS AT HOME
AND
TYRANTS ABROAD

Up the stairs crept her two small grandsons. Announced the elder: "This room is full of mices." All too true. But if Dorothy had been around, there would have been no such disorganization, not a speck of dust, and no "mices" whatsoever.

For some reason (she always used to say: "Leave the interpretations to the analysts, they're sure to be wrong"), I found myself remembering a night in New York when I was seeing her home to her house in Turtle Bay after a theatre and a snack at the Oak Room of the Plaza. We had stopped to pick up some cigarettes at a shop on Third Avenue, when in walked a woman with a strong foreign accent demanding a package of Fig Newtons. When politely told that they

were not available, she lit out: "No Fig Newtons? I vant Fig Newtons. You say no Fig Newtons. I vant Fig Newtons. This a free country. I pay taxes. I vant Fig Newtons. I get the law on you. I get you run into jail. . . ." Exit, with a brandishing of two strong Lithuanian fists.

Commented Dorothy, when the atmosphere had cleared: "That's what happens if you eat Fig Newtons."

Returned the clerk: "Lady, you said it!"

A great many people, no matter what the occasion, the subject, or the issue, will agree: *"Lady, you said it!"*

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Frederick P. Hill
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